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AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

As one who sits at evening o'er an album all alone
And musing on the faces of friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.
The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise
As I turn it low to rest me of the dandle in my eyes.
And I light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
The fate with my tobacco and to vanish in the smoke.
'Tis a fragrant retrospection—for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfumes from the blossoms of the heart.
And to dream the old dream over is a luxury divine,
When my transient fancy wanders with that old sweetheart of mine.
Though I hear, beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any time
When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.
In fact, to speak in earnest I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm.
For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.
A face of lily beauty and a form of airy grace
Flows out of my tobacco as the gent from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.
I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that, "as surely as I live"
Grew round the stump, she loved me"—that old sweetheart of mine.
And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned.
But I should be a poet and with nothing else to do
Than to write the tender verses that she set the music to.
When we should live together in a cozy little cot
Hid in a nest of roses, with a tiny garden spot,
Where the vines were ever fruitful and the weather ever fine
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine.
When I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They should not smile in Heaven till the other's kiss had come.
But, ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and—my wife is standing there,
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions reign
To meet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

THE GURATE'S DAUGHTER.

BY IRENE FOSTER.

There was great excitement one forenoon in the village of Regis, England. The entire population was astir. The church bells were ringing gaily, while the church itself was profusely decorated. The festivities were in honor of the marriage of Laura Harvey, the curate's pretty daughter, with the young and handsome Lieutenant Fred Stephens.

The appearance of the recruiting party commanded by Stephens had created quite a commotion in Regis. The principal social result of the visit was Stephens' engagement to Laura. Captivated by her freshness and vivacity, so different from those of his city acquaintances, he offered her his hand, which Laura accepted, won by his gentlemanly bearing.

A rumor reached Laura's ear, shortly after their engagement, that Stephens was intemperate; and to her dismay and grief she had since then detected symptoms of it, which, but for her awakened suspicions, might have passed unnoticed. This was her first love, and she loved deeply, and trusting in her power to reform what she deemed a venial fault, she contented herself with speaking seriously to her betrothed on the subject, and obtained a promise that he would amend. Laura was just the woman to guide and reform Stephens, had circumstances permitted. Want of occupation and proper companionship were the chief causes that led him to dissipate; and from that vice her love and society would have continued to lure him. Stephens was well connected, and heir to valuable property on attaining his majority, an event which would not occur for another year.

His friends were dissatisfied with the match; thought he might have done better than wed a poor curate's daughter; that he might have married a rich, or at least a more aristocratic wife; and, therefore, would have nothing to do with Laura.

The bridegroom had not a single relation at the marriage, to the great disappointment of the villagers, who expected a brilliant display of titled people. But Laura had heaps of friends, including the best people of the neighborhood, for both she and her father were beloved. Prominent among them was a young lawyer, formerly Laura's favorite playmate, and

now her ardent but secret admirer, who saw that he had been eclipsed by his more fortunate rival.

Stephens kept his pledge faithfully, and Laura's life was a very pleasant one. Her only source of uneasiness was the coolness of his relatives, although that did not trouble an independent nature like her's much. The first cloud in their career, however, soon came. Stephens was ordered to India with his regiment.

A speedy result of his removal from home restraints, was that Stephens broke his pledge, and soon became more intemperate than ever; he was seldom completely sober; and it was a wonder how he managed to escape a court-martial.

But drink soon told on his health in India. In a few months he broke down, and finally had to be invalided for the preservation of his life, and was ordered to return home by sailing vessel, a tedious route by the Cape of Good Hope. He was the only passenger by the Sealark, in which, with few, and uncongenial companions, he was left too much to his own resources.

Undeterred by the precarious state of his health, he again resorted to his old enemy for solace.

One afternoon after lying becalmed for some days, they encountered one of those sudden storms peculiar to equatorial regions. A prolonged succession of flashes of the most vivid and blinding lightning was followed by a drenching rain, and that again by a heavy squall, which forced them to shorten sail, and kept all hands on deck for a couple of hours. "The worst of it is over I think," said Captain Black to the first mate. "But, what odor is that, as if something were burning? It comes from the saloon," said he, sniffing over the skylight.

"I hope the lightning hasn't set us on fire. It smells like roast meat," said the mate, as he ran below to find from whence it came.

The steward had been on deck at work, or the catastrophe would have been discovered sooner. The mate traced the strange odor to Stephens' cabin. Recollecting that he hadn't been on deck lately, and knowing his habits, he knocked, opened the door, looked in, and immediately started back, horror-struck by what he saw. "Good Heaven!" he uttered, then ran to the sky-light and shouted, "Come down, immediately, Captain Black!"

A horrible sight met their view. The cabin was filled with smoke, while Stephens was found lying on the bed burned to death. That morning after drinking heavily he had lain down till the storm was over. Shortly after his body had taken fire, its tissues having become preternaturally combustible from long indulgence in ardent spirits. But whether the inherent combustibility had been roused into action by the lightning or by the flame of a lucifer match—for he had evidently been smoking—could not be ascertained. As it was, his hands were completely burned off. His body, clothes, and the coverings of the bed were also entirely consumed; the surrounding woodwork being only slightly scorched, like his skin generally.

It was a sad and curious death to die. Captain Black took the body home, preserved in spirits. Laura was sitting alone one evening when the letter containing the news of her husband's decease arrived. The blow would have been lighter had he returned to die at home in a less horrible manner. From Captain Black's letter she gleaned that his old vice had again enslaved him and finally killed him. Though she loved him dearly, notwithstanding all his faults, she now saw her mistake in marrying an intemperate man.

Laura's troubles did not end with her husband's interment. She met his relatives for the first time over his grave. But they were cold, stately, and scarcely dignified to notice her. After the funeral the will was read. Fortunately Captain Black had forwarded it to herself. Stephens had left his property to his wife. Evidently chagrined, the relatives left, after bidding Laura a freezing good-bye.

Scarcely a week elapsed, when she received notice through the family lawyer, that her husband's will was illegal and was to be disputed in court; first, because he was a minor, and under twenty-one when he made it; second, because he was legatee to the property only on arriving at the age of twenty-one, and, therefore could have no right to it, as he died before he had reached that period.

An examination of dates showed Laura that her husband had died sixteen hours before he had attained the age of twenty-one. The question, therefore, was, whether it could be considered that he had reached his majority or not. It was sharp practice on the part of the plaintiffs to raise such a plea. Laura in her dilemma put the matter in the hands of her old playmate, Parker, who had recently been admitted to the bar.

Mainly by his skill and exertions, the arguments against the validity of the will were overruled, because the deceased was living on the day which would have completed the period. The

property, which was valuable, was therefore transferred to Laura.

Twelve months later a second wedding took place at the church of Regis. Laura had given her hand to her first admirer, and who now bid fair to be one of the leading barristers in the metropolis. On asking her hand, she learnt for the first time how deeply he had loved her before her first marriage, and years after, when she could look more calmly on the past, though she could not fail to see how she had risked her happiness by marrying Stephens, she could not help thanking Providence that on the whole all things had turned out for the best.

The Decline of the Scotch.

The most remorseless force in modern civilization is the power of a great city to obliterate the national characteristics of a people. London, with its fashions and follies, for example, has obliterated Scotland, as England before the modern London never did, and the Scotch as a people, have almost ceased to exist. There is a sort of national tragedy in this change that is pathetically pointed out by Prof. John Stuart Blackie, of the University of Edinburgh, who is one of the most stalwart of living Scotch scholars and writers. He writes:

"I am sorry to state my conviction, founded on pretty large intercourse with my countrymen, that the spirit of national self-esteem, for which they have been noted, is suffering under a sensible decline. The causes of this lamentable process of self-obliteration are easy to name. The powerful central attraction of the huge metropolis to which by the union were attached, the Anglicanization of our nobility and upper thousand by the pomp of London residence and the glittering seductions of London life; the spread of Episcopacy among the same classes, not so much always from religious conviction as from the double bribe which it offers of aristocratic connection and aesthetic luxury; and, more than all, the neglect of her middle schools by Scotland, which has caused the upper classes to send their hopeful progeny to Harrow and Oxford, where, if the education is not more solid, it has both a greater reputation and a higher reward; all these causes combine to gnaw at the roots of a truly national culture in Scotland, and to render the production of men of a distinctly Scottish type, such as Walter Scott, Lord Cockburn, and Dr. Guthrie, more and more difficult every day. To all this must be added the complete neglect of all patriotic traditions and national furnishings in the principal schools and universities. In the University of Edinburgh not a single professor of history exists; in the best schools, as in the fashionable saloons, it is rare to hear a good Scotch song sung; the rich store of wit and wisdom contained in the melodious stores of the Scottish people, and ennobled by the names of Burns and Scott and Tannahill and Bannantine, and such noble ladies as Mrs. Cockburn, of Fairnairne, Joanna Baillie, and the Baroness Nairne, are flung aside in favor of the latest London, French, or German novelty, which may tickle the itching ear, strain the ambitious throat and coddle the sickly sentiment of the singer; but which are utterly destitute of the power to warm the blood, brace the nerve, and form the character of a patriotic Scotchman. So much easier is it to juggle a people out of its proud heritage by the enervating seductions of a pseudo civilization than to spoil them of it by the rude arts of conquest and oppression; and thus it may come about in another generation or two that the union of 1707 shall have achieved what the embattled ranks of the Plantagenets at Stirling and Bannockburn tried in vain—the absorption of little Scotland into big England, as Samnium was swallowed up by Rome."

Where a Girl Makes a Mistake.

There are girls who, instead of making themselves useful and calmly resting in their maiden dignity, think only of getting married, and use questionable means to achieve their purpose. Forgetting the proverb, "The more haste the less speed," this sort of girl not infrequently assumes a "fast" style of talk, manner, and dress, in order to make herself attractive to the opposite sex. In doing so she makes a great mistake. Fish may nibble at her bait, but they will not allow themselves to be caught. A loud girl may attract attention and have half an hour of popularity, but she is a type of the short-sightedness of some of her sex. Men of the baser sort may amuse themselves with her, but no man worth having would think of marrying her. There is a liberty that makes us free, and a liberty that makes us slaves, and the girls who take liberties with modesty of speech and manner, and who cross over the boundary into masculine territory, are not more free but more enslaved than before. And the approbation of men, which is the end in view, is lost by the means taken to gain it. Whatever men may be themselves, they like gentleness, modesty, and purity in act and thought in women.—Lady Bellairs, in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE KICKER MAN.

Some Selected Kicks from the Arizona "Kicker."
(Detroit Free Press.)

"We notice that some humpbacked toward has tackled up a written placard on the postoffice door asking why we have not been run out of town. If the man who wrote it will reveal his identity, and if we can't put him two feet under ground inside of five minutes, we will agree to cancel the insurance on our office, set the shanty on fire, and leave town on foot."

"Two subscribers have come in since our last issue and paid us for a year in advance. This swells our list to thirty-seven bona-fide subscribers, and people who sneered at our claim that we would have a list of 5,000 within a year are beginning to sing small. The *London Times* had to have thirty-seven subscribers before it got 5,000. We shall next week put forth the claim of the largest circulation west of Omaha."

"The jackassites of Jackass Hill are chuckling because it is reported around town that the First National Bank refused to discount our note for \$25. We did go to the bank and ask to have a note of that size discounted, and we failed to get the money, but it was not because our note was not considered good. It was because the President of the bank, assisted by the gentlemanly and able cashier, had lost every dollar the bank possessed at a faro table the night before, and they were waiting for an old sucker in Massachusetts to send on some more tin. The First National advertises a capital of \$75,000. It never had above \$2,000 in its vaults. It has always been run in connection with Switzer's dance house, and its staff of officers have been the best patrons of the gambling houses and the race track. Jackass Hill had better draw in its horns or we'll give a half a dozen or more of the bon-ton away to the Sheriff."

"We had a criticism on the Governor of Kansas in our last, and old Peg-Leg White, who keeps the one-horse grocery at the corner of Apache avenue and Red Head alley, came and ordered out his advertisement in consequence. We are glad of it. Old Peg-Leg has been selling wormy herrings, adulterated whisky and skipper cheese to the people of his town for first-class goods, and next week we shall open on him. We have heard that the old choker is a bigamist and a horse-thief, and we have a man on his record."

"A so-called poem on the death of the Poverty Hollow kid who was run over by a mule last week, was shoved under the door last night, 'with the accompanying statement that its publication would enlarge our circulation. That's all soft soap, and a mighty poor quality at that! From certain ear marks we are satisfied that Arabella Devore Perkins wrote the alleged poem. If her father ever saw a copy of *The Kicker* it was in some one else's hands, and her mother is the lady referred to last week as dropping lead nickels into the contribution box. Arabella is average enough, but knows more about mop handles than poetry."

"We have received a two-column letter signed 'Veritas,' which purports to give a true history of Maj. Galvanus Burt, proprietor and landlord of the Adams House. He is shown up as a thief, hypocrite, liar, and coward, but we shall not publish it. While he keeps the most miserable apology for a hotel on earth, and while we are satisfied he would steal the winkers from a dead dog's eye, the Major was the first man in town to subscribe to our paper, and we are not going back on him unless he refuses to renew."

"It has been remarked that whenever a stranger who looks like a detective appears in town about four-fifths of our leading citizens hunt their holes like foxes. This matter has been carried so far as to seriously interrupt business. We wish strangers would keep away."

"We had a call yesterday from Jim Dana, editor of the *Western Bull Whacker*. Jim is the raggedest, leanest, poorest, dried-up specimen of the editorial fraternity we ever shook paws with, and his paper isn't fit to wrap a dead coyote in. He is always blowing about the *Bull Whacker's* influence and circulation, and has got an idea that he will go to Congress next year. His journalistic dishcloth is the laughing-stock of the section and Jim couldn't sell himself for wolf bait."

Forgot His Bow.

An old colored musician was engaged to furnish music at a country wedding which was to take place a number of miles from his house. The old dandy, with the box containing the fiddle under his arm, had almost reached his destination when he was overtaken by his son, panting and blowing.

"Daddy—you has—done—forgot to do—do bow—do fiddle."

"Whar has hit, niggah?"

"At home, ob course."

The trip back, however, was made in very good time, as the exasperated old negro chased the boy the whole distance, hitting an occasional whack at him with his cane.—*Texas Siftings*.

CITH AND POINT.

It is traveling the broad road that frequently puts a man in a financial strait.

THERE are tender-hearted men in the saloon business, sometimes—bartender-hearted.

"IRISH STEW," said the restaurant guest. "Faith I am Irish, tew," said the waiter.—*Texas Siftings*.

THE editorial "we" had better be careful. The editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Union*, says: "We ate 3,100,000 bags of peanuts last year."

At a traveling agency. To clerk—"Did you ever realize anything in the German lotteries?" "Yes, sir. I tried five times, and realized that I was an idiot."

PROFESSOR K.—Mr. Smith, can you give me a good illustration of reserved power? Smith—Yes, sir—a mule waiting for a fool.—*Burlington Free Press*.

It is said that the United States Senate is the most august body in the world. Things look now as though it would be a September body this year, too.—*Burlington Free Press*.

If old Diogenes lived to-day he wouldn't use a lantern to find an honest man. He would be out scratching for an umpire who would give satisfaction to all concerned.—*Lincoln Journal*.

"I HAD reckoned on having some fruit for dessert, landlord," said a dissatisfied traveler at a hotel. "Well, you reckoned without your host that time," was the retort.—*Detroit Free Press*.

FRANK MURPHY, the temperance advocate, wants a law passed making it a crime to treat or be treated. Frugal-minded politicians will back him up in the first part of the law, if not in the last.—*New York Journal*.

THEY have some lively parties down in Georgia. An old lady, 76 years of age, living in Dooly County, performs the feat of dancing a jig with a tumbler of water balanced on her head, without spilling a drop.—*Peck's Sun*.

CHARLOTTE (who has an income of 30,000 marks)—In fact, sir, my heart already belongs to another. Karl (her persistent suitor)—Ah! Then he may be easily satisfied; and as for me, I shall be content with the rest.—*Humoristisches*.

"You can talk as you please about the foolishness of the bustle," observed the snake editor, "but I notice that women are more active since the introduction of that article of wear than before." "Indeed!" replied the horse editor. "Yes; it makes them hump themselves."

SHE—Why, what's the matter, Mr. Perkins? You seem to be wearing a rather disgusted look this morning. He (with a sigh)—Yes. I don't comprehend what ma meante, but she says ath Felwauway is past, and I haven't 'ad a woposal, I shall 'ave to go into thum 'orrid twade.

CLARA (exhibiting photograph)—How do you like it? Hattie—It's perfectly lovely. "You think it a good likeness?" "O, no; it doesn't look a particle like you, you know; but I wouldn't mind that, Clara; you are not likely to have such luck again if you sat a thousand times."—*Boston Transcript*.

"THESE fish, my dear Mrs. Hendricks," remarked the minister, who was discussing a Sunday dinner with the family, "are deliciously fresh. I am enjoying them very much." "They ought to be fresh," volunteered Bobby, who was also enjoying them. "Pa caught 'em this morning."—*New York Sun*.

HE—Tell me, do you prefer men of great reputation, or do you rather like the common-place fellows? SHE—To speak frankly, I like the common-place men best, particularly at a party like this; but you must not think I said so just for the sake of saying something complimentary to you!—*Fliegende Blätter*.

THE fisherman of Kirkcaldy had been suffering greatly from a scarcity of fish; but better times came, and Mr. Shirra, in his public prayers, duly rendered thanks therefor in these terms: "O Lord, we desire to offer our grateful thanks unto thee for the seasonable relief which thou has sent to the poor of this place from thy inexhaustible storehouse in the great deep, and which every day we hear called upon our streets, 'Fine fresh herring, sax a penny, sax a penny!'"

A Field Open for Him.

A Boston man scored 100 points out of a possible 100 with a revolver at a shooting gallery the other day. If he can do as well as that with a living target he can be mayor of any town in Arizona within two weeks after arrival.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

In recent tests on forty persons, one part of salicine was tasted in 12,000 parts of water; of morphine, one in 14,000; of quinine, one in 76,000; quassine, one in 90,000; picrotoxin, one in 197,000; aloine, one in 210,000; and strychnine, one in 826,000. Twelve tasters detected one part of strychnine in 1,280,000.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

THE ALLEGED DYNAMITE PLOT.

The Story of Manager Stone—A Fall History.

Chicago, July 6.—J. A. Bauererian, deputy auditor of the Aurora, Ill., division of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, was brought to Chicago this morning, under arrest by a deputy United States marshal. He is charged with complicity in the alleged dynamite plot against the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railway. Bauererian is not the mysterious fourth man who eluded the officers yesterday when the three arrests were made, and exactly what his connection with the plot is the Burlington officials refuse to state at this stage of the proceedings.

General Manager H. E. Stone, on being asked for history of the dynamite plot against the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, has told the Associated Press the following: "A few days after the middle of May, the company was informed that attempts were to be made to damage its property and trains, by the use of dynamite and that Bowles, the brotherhood engineer who was arrested Thursday afternoon with dynamite in his possession, was about to leave town to put the plan in operation. Bowles did leave Chicago, as was expected, having taken packages of dynamite and caps with him from room 34, Grand Pacific hotel, the headquarters of the grievance committee, of the strikers, and occupied by Mr. Hoge, chairman of the general grievance committee. On the 30th day of May, at about 14:40 in the evening the engineer of a train from Chicago to Aurora was startled by a white light, which he described as being like an electric light, and a loud explosion which jarred his engine severely and partially stunned him and his fireman. An examination of the engine showed that the forward truck wheel was broken, but not so much but that the engine could not proceed. The next morning a careful examination of the train was made, and at the place of the explosion close by the track was found a small handful of what appeared to be damp sawdust, an unexploded copper cap, about an inch long and a quarter of an inch in diameter, some pieces of oily paper and pieces of broken fuses. The supposed sawdust on being examined proved to be dynamite and the oil paper the remnants of the casing of a dynamite cartridge. The copper cap was a fulminating cap, made and used only for the purpose of exploding dynamite. The dynamite cartridge had a parently been tied to the rail with a fish line, and the wheel of the engine cut off a portion of the cartridge, which dropped by the rail, where it was found the next morning. The remaining dynamite, which was about the cap, exploded. There were at least two caps used in the cartridge, the one found not having exploded. On the remnants of the paper found were the same manufacturers' marks as were on the cartridges captured on Thursday, with Bowles' name and initials. This brand or mark on the cartridge affords a sure means of locating the manufacturer.

On an evening after a large picnic of the brotherhood at Aurora, on the 15th of June, another attempt was made, and in due season Aurora. The engineer's report of the occurrence was almost identical with the one referred to above. East of Aurora and here again some unexploded dynamite was found on the railroad track, together with some remnants of the paper casing of the cartridge. Bowles' name and same mark as the cartridge which were also found in possession of the arrested men on Thursday afternoon. There were also found two exploded fulminating caps, and pieces of the same kind of fish line as at the first explosion, and what had been used for the same purpose, namely, to tie the cartridge to the rail.

After the work was done at Aurora, Bowles was at Noblesville, Ind., where he was supplied with funds, by means of a draft from John A. Bauererian, the chief printer and principal officer of division No. 32, of the brotherhood of locomotive engineers, who is also the chairman of the local grievance committee at Aurora. Bauererian is also one of the principal members of the brotherhood in the whole system of the railroad in the strike. He was arrested this morning by the United States marshal, as explained later on.

Broderick, who is a member of the brotherhood of locomotive engineers, was at this time at Creston, Ia., and in due season with the principal officers and members of the Brotherhood, and had repeatedly requested Bauererian to send Bowles "with his goods" (dynamite) to Creston, as that was a favorable place for operations, owing to the strong support they would receive from the brotherhood there. Bowles accordingly went to Creston, where he met Broderick and delivered to him the dynamite and caps. Shortly after Bowles left Creston and a few hours afterwards an explosion took place in the west end of Creston yard. All the circumstances of the previous explosion were repeated, and no serious damage was done to the engine. Unexploded dynamite was found, two exploded caps and remnants of the paper casing of the cartridge. The following week there was an explosion just south of the town of Creston. This explosion occurred on a rainy night, and the evidences of dynamite were not as complete as in the other cases, but were sufficient to leave no room for a doubt. Another abortive attempt was made on Thursday night, the 5th inst., just east of Creston. During this time Broderick and Bowles had been furnished with funds and letters of introduction to various members of the brotherhood, stating that they were on secret business of the most importance to the brotherhood, and asking co-operation in every possible way from all members to whom they were presented. Letters of this character were forwarded on their persons when they were arrested. Broderick, before going to the train at Aurora, on Thursday afternoon, sent to the hall of the brotherhood of locomotive engineers and there got the package of dynamite which was afterwards taken by him, Bowles and Wilson on the train with them. This package of dynamite had been taken by Bauererian to the brotherhood hall for Broderick. He was therefore arrested by the United States marshal as an accomplice.

Struck by a Cyclone.

Mount Holly, N. J., July 6.—As a coal train en route for Monmouth last evening was passing the village of Dayton, it was struck by a cyclone, and two of the train men were blown from the track and fatally hurt.